I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals Interest: Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Bass.* *Shylocke*, doe you heare?
Shyl. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memorie,
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand Ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good Signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.
Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest
How much ye would? *Shyl.* I, I, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your Bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never use it.
Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise Mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third Possessor; I, hee was the third.
Ant. And what of him, did he take Interest?
Shyl. No, not take Interest, not as you would say
Directly Interest; marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe was compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings which were streak't and pied

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the
In end of Autumne, turned to
And when the worke of gene
Betweene these woolly breed
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd m
And in the doing of the deed o
He stucke them up before the f
Who then conceaving, did in
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, an
This was a way to thrive, and
And thrift is Blessing, if men
Ant. This was a venture
A thing not in his power to br
But swaid and fashion'd by th
Was this inserted to make Int
Or is your gold and silver, Ew
Shyl. I cannot tell, I make
But note mee Signior.
Ant. Marke you this, *Bas*
The Devill can cite Scripture
An evill soule producing holy
Is like a villaine with a smilin
A goodly apple rotten at the h
O what a goodly out-side Fal
Shyl. Three thousand Ducat
Three months from twelve, t
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, m
In the Ryalto, you have rat
About my monies and my us
Still have I borne it with a pa
(For suffrance is the badge of
You call me mis-beleever, c
And spet upon my Jewish g
And all for use of that which
Well then, it now appeares y
Goe to then, you come to me,
Shylocke, we would have mo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH